

The History of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, will you sit down?
And *Uncle Worcester*; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*,
for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in
Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower*
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your
mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had never been
borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heavens on fire,

And not in feare of your Nativity:
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers, At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These

Hen

These signes have mark't me
And all the courses of my life
I am not in the rolle of common
Where is the living, clipt in
That chides the Bankes of *Exe*
Which calls me pupill, or hatchling
And bring him out that is borne
Can trace me in the tedious
And hold me pace in deepe

Hot. I thinke there's no more
I'll to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*

Glen. I can call Spirits from the

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can
But will they come, when you

Glen. Why, I can teach thee

Hot. And I can teach thee,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and
If thou have power to raise he

And I'll be sworne, I have power
Oh while you live, tell truth,

Mor. Come, come: no more

Glen. Three times hath *Hen*
Against my power, thrice from

And Sandy-bottom'd *Severn*
Bootlesse home, and weather

Hot. Home without bootes
How scapes he agues in the

Glen. Come, here is the Map
According to our threefold o

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath
Into three limits, very equal

England from *Trent*, and *Sever*
By South and East, is to my pa

All Westward *Wales* beyond
And all the fertile land within

To *Owen Glendower*: and, dea
The remnant Northward, lyin